HOME READING.

The Appointed Part.

...soul's law learn to live,
...ert thee take no heed,
...ence thee have no care;
... and do thy deed,
... hope and pray thy prayer,
... no crown they will not give,
... grudge thee for thy hair.

... thy soul sworn steadfast oath,
... heart be true thy heart;
... thy soul teaches learn to know;
... appointed part
... and reap as thou shalt sow;
... nor hindered in thy growth,
... nature thou shalt grow.

... on the future's good thy face,
... feet be lured to stray
... but be swift to run,
... tarry by the way,
... last the end is won,
... thou may'st look back from thy place
... thy long day's journey done.

[For the Citizen.]

Sea Yarns.

BY UNOHOO.

NO. 8.

"A life on the ocean wave!"
The fellow that wrote it was green!
He had never been to sea,
He never a storm had seen."

... the captain as he came below at 4 ... having stood the dog watch for Mr. ... who was suddenly taken with cramps ... night. Having to stand a watch ... first time on a very cold night and ... deprived of rest also, ruffled his good ... and so he had to ventilate his ... It has been quite cold for sev... with frequent hail, sleet and ... storms. The captain got out the ... above about a week ago, had it cleaned ... stowed down in its place, but upon ... for the pipe, found that it had been ... stolen. Since the advent of cold ... we have therefore, had to exercise ... considerable ingenuity to keep from freez... At first we made a large pan out of a ... copper and nailed it on a block of ... securing the latter to the cabin floor. ... pan we placed a ten pound iron ... which was previously heated to a ... in the galley stove. The weight ... a success, having to be reheated ... about once an hour, but it was finally ... used as the captain did not dare leave ... cabin unless some one remained to ... it, and that was not always possible. ... found out accidently, that by lighting ... lamps, enough heat would be gen... to keep both cabins comfortable, and ... determined to burn them until Mr. Allen ... succeeded in making a stove pipe out ... pieces of copper. Even then the lamps ... frequently resorted to as the stove ... would "draw" if the wind was aft or on ... quarter.

... A. M. the brig was put "about," and ... fourth time Mr. Stone came very ... being knocked overboard. As often ... has been told, and seen the danger of ... the main boom to take charge ... around without being held in check ... ways), this time he not only had the ... reefs, but both sheets adrift, and when ... came up in the wind the boom ... swinging from side to side in a terrible ... The captain sprang on deck and ... helped in making the sheets fast just in ... save Mr. Stone and the four sailors, ... him from a terrible death, that of ... brushed on the bitts and then knocked ... overboard. On a previous voyage one of ... mates was knocked overboard and ... and a sister vessel has lost five ... in the same way inside of six years. ... danger of letting such a stick of timber ... large can be realized, when I state its ... to be 66 feet and its weight a trifle ... tons.

... As we sat down to supper the cap... gave the mate an order I had been ... daily expecting for two hours.

"Take in all the light sail, sir."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"See that everything, fore and aft, is ... ready for running, sir."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Mr. Stone and ... out to repeat the order to Mr. Allen, ... then had the gaff topsail, upper stay... royal, outer jib and jib topsail taken ... At 8.30, the thermometer still rising, ... gallant came in also. I went on ... to see this done as it was a new sail ... and patent gearing. It was a pretty ... and it came up to the yard so neatly ... nicely as to leave little work for the ... in furling. It was the first time ... having port that this sail had been ...

... P. M., Mr. Allen entered the ... cabin shouting, "Upper topsail yard ... in the slings, sir," and passed on to ... the mate.

... slings are chains used to secure the ... of a yard to the mast, and to hoist ... and lower it as required. The yard ... broken into two pieces where these ... were attached to it. The yard is 57 ... long and has been in use less than one ... The captain thought it was one of ... best on the vessel. There is no spare ...

... soon as we reached the deck Mr. ... was there too.

"Now Mr. Stone I rely on you to go ... and use your best judgment. I, you ... cannot go aloft."

... captain was badly ruptured on a ... its voyage, and not able to do much ... ing.)

... Stone was the first, and for some... the only man aloft; cool and prompt ... he did, and by ten o'clock the yard ... covered, the sail furled and the yard ... firmly to the lower topsail yard. ... it will remain until braces can be ... to repair it. These are already ... way, being made by shaping the ... fused to haul an anchor in clear ... side of a vessel, and which I have ... before spoken of as the anti-galligan ... (big sail boom), and by sawing the rail ... in two pieces (these are plank laid on ... is to protect them from injury while ... being hoisted in or out).

... yards daylight the wind had abated ... noon was down to an ordinary gale, ... sail, except the upper topsail and ... was again set.

... excitement caused by the storm and ... made me overlook the appearance ... ing whale, about 100 fathoms astern ...

It was about thirty feet long and ... then dived and did not come up ... again. Only Mr. Allen, myself and the man at the wheel saw the whale, and as it was a small one, the captain insinuates that it was only a good sized black fish, and advises me to record it as such until we get further along and meet the old patriarchs. Mr. Stone says that when in the Australian Packet Trade, whales would often swim alongside of the ships for days together, and that the passengers would shoot at them with guns and pistols. The captain says that once one followed the brig for several days and made him feel quite uneasy and anxious.

A school of porpoise were playing around the vessel to-day, that differed in appearance from any heretofore seen. The others had white noses, sides and tails. On these the white appeared only on the sides and belly, having the top of the head, back and tail brown. The captain killed one with a shot from his pistol and I turned over two small ones with mine, but we could not secure the carcasses. The liver of a porpoise is said to be a delicacy.

At 5 A. M. we sighted Penguin Island, one of the Crozettes. I was fortunate enough to be the one first to sing out the always glad tidings at sea, "Land! Ho!" and won the pound of tobacco, usually given the man who first sights land.

Sixty miles further along we came to Possession Island, and ten miles further to the East Islands. The captain had remained up all night, as there was an error in his chronometer, and not knowing whether it was increasing or not, made him anxious while running for land through the dense fog that prevailed.

The Crozette islands were discovered in 1772, by two French navigators, Marione du Fresne and Crozette, yet unless done recently, they have never been surveyed, and their position remains in doubt.

On March 18, 1821, the schooner Princess of Wales, of London, out on a sealing voyage, was driven on the rocks by the heavy swell and wrecked. The crew of fourteen persons remained here until January 22d, 1823, nearly two years, when they were taken off by the American schooner Philo.

Of the three westernmost islands, the two smallest, Heroine and Penguin, are about thirty miles apart and six miles in circuit. The largest, Pig Island, is about twelve miles from Heroine Island and twenty-five miles in circuit, the two eastern islands are about sixty miles further east and fully ten miles apart. They are called Possession and East Islands. These and the Prince Edward Islands were formerly visited by fishermen in search of seal and sea elephants, which are now almost exterminated.

About 1 P. M. Possession Island was nearly abeam and distant five miles. Here we were nearly becalmed and taken aback, (the land shutting us off from the wind) but we managed to get an offing and cleared the land nicely.

In running for the land the fog was very thick, but near the land it seemed to melt away. Overhead the sky would be perfectly clear, while over the tops of the hills and on the ocean both ahead and astern of the vessel a dense fog prevailed.

In a couple of hours we had the last or East Island abeam. I was greatly surprised to find it to be the largest instead of the smallest of the three. At first only the upper and lower ends of the island could be seen, with a large bay between, but in a short time the fog lifted and showed towering hills behind that connected these two ends and made an island larger than any two of the others. On the stiling chart the island is represented as having only the two promontories and bay, as it first appeared to us, and I therefore became very much interested in procurring an accurate sketch of the whole, which I succeeded in doing. I was so absorbed in my drawing that I paid no attention to what was taking place aboard, until I was aroused by an unwonted stillness, the roar of the sullen waves as they dashed upon the rocks being the only audible sound. Glancing around I saw the captain standing on the house bare headed, and as motionless and rigid as stone, both mates and every sailor on deck, and each man at his post. We were becalmed! The brig was heading then southeast.

Slowly she swung off to the southwest, then west and so on completely around until she faced the island, all the time drifting nearer and nearer the huge black rocks upon which the waves incessantly dashed. Not a breath of wind could be felt. The captain dashed water on his head and hands and tried to feel the breeze. How grand the old fellow looked as he stood there motionless as a statue! I shall never forget the picture.

After many tacks, consuming over three hours, we began to slowly forge ahead and to gain an offing. By six P. M. we were on our course again. The absence of any sea on the lee of the island, is all that saved us from shipwreck.

By the 10th of December we were near the coast of New Zealand. Here we had thick weather, strong winds and frequently two seas running, the wind shifting often. For days we had the royal and topgallant in and topsail reefed, and occasionally a reef in the mainsail. The coast of New Zealand is a dangerous one to approach, and the gales of wind furious and treacherous, shifting suddenly and often boxing the compass. It makes an anxious and trying time for our captain, as we are less than 150 miles from our port, and the light at Tiara Head has been changed since he was last there from a fixed to a revolving light.

At 7 P. M. the wind had lulled considerably and by ten o'clock the reefs were shaken out of the mainsail, and the brig put about. Before midnight Mr. Allen came down and said, "We are only loafing here now, sir, Can I shake out the reef in the topsail, sir?"

There had been three seas running and no matter how the brig headed, we always had a "head sea," and the vessel stood "on end," pitching with short quick plunges, that kept one's nerves constantly on the stretch expecting to hear something give way. The captain had thought, at supper-time, that he would have to fold up the foresail, but when Mr. Allen came down it was lighting up all around, the barometer reported favorably, and so the reef was shaken out. At this time we were about eighty miles from Nugget Point, which is sixty miles from Otago harbor, our destination. Towards morning the topgallant and royal were on and all sail set again. Just before breakfast the Middle Island came into view and we were opposite Long Point, twenty miles from Nugget Point. Here we passed the steamer that plies between New Zealand ports and Melbourne, Australia. Two sailors were taking in the steamer's side lights, and Mr. Stone embraced the occasion to repeat the verses of Thomas Gray, written many years ago:

"When both side lights are seen ahead,
Port your helm and show your red.
Green to green—or red to red—
Perfect safety—go ahead!
If to your starboard red appear
It is your duty to keep clear;
To act as judgment says is proper.
To port—or starboard—back, or stop her
But when upon your port is seen,
A steamer's starboard light of green,
There's not so much for you to do.
For green to port keeps clear of you,
Both in safety and in doubt,
Always keep a good lookout.
In danger, with no room to turn,
Ease her!—stop her!—Go astern!"

All vessels carry a red light on the port side, and a green one on the starboard. Steamers, in addition, carry a white light at the masthead.

As the steamer disappeared we saw a diminutive tug boat come around the point and at breakfast a stentorian hail of "Brig ahoy!" brought the captain on deck. After considerable chafing as to price (which was reduced from £20 to £10,) the tug took us in tow. As we neared the land the pilot boarded us, and soon after the custom house officers came alongside in a beautiful little steam yacht. At 10:30 A. M. we dropped anchor in the harbor of Port Chalmers (the port of entry to the city of Dunedin) ending a tedious passage of 124 days, after sailing 15,235 miles.

Tariff and Wages.

We sincerely hope that the figures given below may be honestly and thoughtfully studied by every workman, and by every other advocate of American progress and personal prosperity in the country. They are the result of careful computation, and have been secured from a mass of testimony bearing upon the subject. Every man of intelligence knows that the vital issue of the fall campaign this year is the tariff, and that upon this issue must rest the real test of the purposes and desires of the American people. The question at stake is whether the American people shall continue to do business as they have for many years past, or adopt the radical change involved in a new system known as free trade; and insomuch as the question is one in which every toiler is directly interested, it becomes all workingmen to carefully consider the question, and, without prejudice or excitement, to study the comparative statistics that have been gleaned by students of the subject.

Let the workingman first, then, study these figures, compiled in 1883 by the Clarke Thread Co., from the pay-rolls of their large factories in Newark, N. J., and Paisley, Scotland:

Great Britain.—Weekly Wages.

Cop-winders	$3 50
Finishers	2 50
Reelers	4 25
Spoolers	3 25
Foremen	7 50
Pickers	4 12
Hand-winders	3 75

United States.—Weekly Wages.

Cop-winders	$8 00
Finishers	5 50
Reelers	8 00
Spoolers	8 06
Foremen	20 00
Pickers	7 00
Hand-winders	7 00

Note, please, that under Great Britain the figures show the effect on wages of what is called absolute free trade—that is to say, the nearest approach to it that the world has ever had. Now study the statistics of Germany (very interesting, because Germany has had both free trade and protection) and note the difference in the rate of wages:

IN GERMANY.

Under Free Trade, 1878.—Weekly Wages.

Bakers	$3 50
Blacksmiths	3 50
Bricklayers	3 67
Carpenters	4 07
Laborers	2 92
Plasterers	3 80

After Three Years of Protection, 1881.—Weekly Wages.

Bakers, board and	$3 50
Blacksmiths	6 50
Bricklayers	5 50
Carpenters	5 50
Laborers	3 50
Plasterers	5 50

In a report just received at the State Department at Washington, from Consul-General Vogeler, of Frankfort on-the-Main, after telling of the favorable results of the adoption of the protective policy of 1879, he quotes the government as follows:

The reform of our tariff law of July 15, 1879, has in a general way brought about the desired results, in this, that it has not only produced a decided increase of revenue, which has greatly relieved the financial situation of the several German States, but has also strongly fostered the industrial activity of the nation.

In a report just received from Consul-General Warren, of Dusseldorf, Germany, he gives the following figures, taken from the report of the German Iron and Steel Association, embracing 320 iron mills, foundries and machine shops:

Increase in number of workmen since 1879, 50,306, or 32.2 per cent.

Now take an industry which exists in New Jersey, and compare its wages with the earnings of the same industry in a free trade country, and we have the following:

IN POTTERIES.

Great Britain.—Weekly Wages.

Flat Presser	$7 70
Dish maker	9 62
Cup maker	9 92
Saucer maker	7 93
Hand-basin maker	9 66
Hollow-ware presser	8 14
Hollow-ware gigger	11 62
Printer	6 55
Ovenman	6 86
Sagger maker	8 46
Mould maker	10 23
Turner	8 00
Handler	8 39

United States.—Weekly Wages.

Flat Presser	$20 30
Dish maker	19 43
Cup maker	19 67
Saucer maker	18 58
Hand-basin maker	19 73
Hollow-ware presser	17 90
Hollow-ware gigger	21 89
Printer	13 56
Ovenman	13 18
Sagger maker	19 33
Mould maker	20 79
Turner	16 97
Handler	16 62

A marvelously suggestive table this, and terribly convincing when one remembers that free trade in America would not simply reduce the wages of the Trenton potter, but absolutely abolish him. Turn again to Great Britain, and note the general rate of wages earned in all sorts of industries, many of them not handlers of raw materials. Glasgow is one of the greatest centers of the iron and steel industries, shipbuilding and textile fabrics. In rate of wages and cost of living it compares favorably with any other portion of England, Scotland or Ireland. The weekly wages are as follows:

Blacksmiths	$7 87
Engineers	7 87
General smiths	7 87
Bootmakers	7 50
Bricklayers	8 50
Cabinet makers	7 87
Calenderers	7 00
Curriers	6 50
Coopers	6 25
Gilders	7 87
Joiners and house carpenters	7 87
Laborers	5 00
Letter press printers and book work	8 25
" " newspaper offices	10 00
Masons	7 87
Moulders	8 50
Painters	7 87
Plasterers	7 87
Plumber	7 87
Porters in shops and warehouses	5 00
Sawyers (by piece)	6 75
Saters	7 87
Tailors	7 50
Turners and fitters	7 87

Free traders talk a good deal about the comparative cheapness of living in free trade lands. Let the working man study the following table and see if the cost of living is so very much lower as to warrant a reduction of earnings commensurate with the rates given in the preceding tables. In Glasgow the cost of living is statisticized as follows:

Oatmeal per stone, 14 lbs	$0 54
Potatoes per stone, 14 lbs	12
Beef, first quality, per lb	25
Beef, second quality, per lb	18
Beef, third quality, per lb	14
Bacon, per lb	18
Pork, per lb	18
Bread, first quality, per 4 lbs	17
Bread, second quality, per 4 lbs	15
Sweet milk per half gallon	16
Buttermilk, Scotch pint	02
Cheese, per lb	16
Fresh butter, per lb	32
Salt butter, per lb	27
Black tea, per lb	50
Brown sugar, per lb	05
Brown soap, per lb	05
Black soap, per lb	06
Coal, per cwt	16

The problem is before you, workmen and voters. Mr. Cleveland represents the free trade faction, Mr. Blaine the party of protection. Under which leader do you desire to march.—*Jersey City Journal.*

Lucifer Matches.

"Did I ever tell you what Charles Summer once said to me about manufacture of matches?" queried Lucius C. Allen, the veteran armory foreman. "It was about 50 years ago now, when I was in doubt whether it would pay to go into business, and asked Mr. Summer what he thought about it. He turned quick as a flash and said, 'Mr. Allen, how many pins do you suppose are made in a year?' I thought there must be a good many millions. 'And how many times,' he continued, 'is a pin used?' 'Perhaps 20 on an average,' I replied. 'Then at least 20 times as many matches will be needed as pins,' he concluded, 'and of course it will pay.' Now, did even Charles Summer ever size up anything neater than that? I made matches several years and, not only that, but I invented them. It was away back in the '30s, when I was a boy. I was always fooling with the ingredients, brimstone and the like, till finally I struck an idea. Then I went to work and made a few matches, rather crude, of course, and showed them to a few friends, but they didn't think it would amount to anything and I didn't either, at first, so I minded nothing about it till 1834. I think it was, when a friend persuaded me to apply for a patent. It was quite a trip to Washington in those days, but in a few weeks I got word that a Chicopee man had filed a similar application a short time before mine arrived. I was satisfied that I could get the patent by fighting for it; but I didn't think then that it would pay and so I made an arrangement with the Chicopee man, by which I was to offer no opposition to his getting the patent, but could have the privilege of manufacturing matches on my own hook. He got the patent and I went into the business. I had quite an establishment on Walnut street, hiring about 30 hands, mostly girls, and kept at it till '37, the time of the great panic. The Chicopee man was a drunken peddler and he went to Boston on a spree and gambled the patent away to men who made their fortunes out of it. I sold matches all through the country, but there was a good deal of opposition to their manufacture. The papers said it was a bid for incendiarism and many shop keepers wouldn't sell them. The railroad had got as far as Worcester then, but they wouldn't carry matches and I had to hire men to drive clear through to Boston. There were some other matches in the market that would crack like a pistol when you lit them, and when we put some in a box and set them afire it sounded like a small cannonade. But my matches were like what we have now and were the first ever made that I know of."—*Springfield Republican.*

A Strong Point.

Mr. John L. Hayes, President of the late Tariff Commission, plays havoc with the Free Traders' argument that the reduction of the tariff would reduce the price of goods. He calls attention to the fact that in 1851 nails sold for $6 per 100 pounds; in 1861 the price was reduced to $3.50, and now they can be bought at $2.40 under the protective tariff. Meanwhile the rate of wages of nail-workers has steadily increased. To drive through and clinch the argument, Mr. Hayes adds that to-day we are even exporting to Free Trade England our patent Yankee nail-making machines. Strong as is this argument in favor of protection, it is equalled by the argument from cotton manufacturers. Cotton prints have been reduced in price from 15 cents in 1865 to only five cents per yard in 1883. Blankets from $12 to $13 to $1.25 to $1.50, and so on throughout the whole list. Mr. Hayes makes the following estimate of the prices of good clothing to serve a working man for a year.

Handsome suit for best or Sunday wear	$19 00
Working suit	7 00
Extra pair of trousers	3 00
Overcoat	5 00
	$24 00

Even in Free Trade England the cost of these articles, it is a notorious fact, would be higher. The operation of a Protective Tariff, as Mr. Hayes shows, is first to create industry, and then by encouraging competition, to reduce prices, even below those which prevail abroad.

Letter From Switzerland.

DAVAS DORFLI, SWITZERLAND.

How many of my friends have ever heard of this place, or I might say of the two villages of Davas Dorfli and Davas-Platz, lying in this cold bleak valley, over 3,000 feet high and within a mile of each other. It is astonishing to find how many places there are in Switzerland unknown to tourists, and how many cures unknown to healthy people. This is a great resort for consumptives, and during the winter, the climate being even and dry, is full of coughing people, we are told. We have struck it at a rather moist time, as it rained all day yesterday, and is still damp and cloudy this morning, though it looks like clearing while I write.

We were consumptives yesterday and you will know that we had it "very bad" when I give you the bill of fare for our dinner.

TABLE D'HOTE.

1. Soup, flavored with onions and nutmeg.
2. Fish.
3. Corned beef and broiled tongue with chopped potatoes and cucumbers.
4. Roast mutton with stewed carrots.
5. Tarts of field strawberries and maccaroons

We relished it all very well, but concluded to order our own menu to day. Commenced with a hearty breakfast of chops and potatoes, instead of bread and honey, the usual breakfast of the country, and will dine about 5 p. m. We have always in the mornings, eggs, eggs, eggs, till it seems as if we might fly away as chickens, though our friend Mr. C. says he is more afraid of chicken pox! Even the eggs we must have always boiled, for it seems to upset the whole management of a hotel, and throw the entire culinary department out of gear, to order them scrambled, or an omelette at half-past seven in the morning, if we breakfast so early. So we accept the situation, and have them boiled, till it has become a little monotonous.

We have had some funny experiences during the week, and not altogether comfortable ones, though M. thinks we shall never regret the variety this trip has brought us. After leaving the Engadine, we fell into such hot weather in the Tyrol, that we felt we had left the mountains too soon, and decided to come back for a few days and so avoid the heat. We came from Innsbruck to Landiek a most charming ride through the beautiful valley of the Tyrol, to the end of the railway, expecting there to find carriages, to bring us on to Nauders, over the Finsterming Pass. But at Nauders, our troubles commenced. Only German spoken, or German-Swiss, which is far worse, no carriages, only the diligence, and that just ready to start, with places all taken. Such a rushing about of passengers and hotel proprietors, of drivers and guards, such a terrific shouting, and weighing of baggage, and trading of trunks and parcels, and in the midst of it all, two stunned and helpless Americans, who were sent hither and thither, without in the least knowing *why*, and who naturally supposed, from the great noise and confusion that at least five hundred people were starting for Nauders by that same diligence.

With great presence of mind we secured some bread and a glass of milk, took it standing, and then settled ourselves, in a frightful old trap of a carriage, that we were made to understand was for us, then we were taken out of that, and at last, found ourselves in the *inside* of the diligence! We never shall know in this world exactly how the matter was arranged, or who did it, or why we were there, but after it was all over, and we had collected our senses enough to count, we numbered *eight* passengers, the result of all the commotion. Oh! what a wonderfully systematic and excellent thing, is the diligence service of this country! Commend us to escape it hereafter, and were'nt we thankful for that bread and milk, as the afternoon wore away, before we had a chance for dinner. At Nauders, we found again only German spoken in the hotel, till I meet a nice little woman in the hall, whom I boldly approached with my parley-vous-francais? She mixed her languages somewhat in her reply, "Ninemais. I speke Inglese a leetle," and it sounded beautifully to my hungry ears, you may be sure. The little woman helped us out in our arrangements for the next day, which brought us to Suss, in the Engadine. There a maid in the hotel spoke French, and as I feel quite at home in that language, we had no trouble, and made our arrangements for a carriage to bring us over the Flueta Pass, to this place yesterday. The morning promised fair, but before we had arrived at the top of the pass, the clouds settled down, and we had really a terrific storm, thunder, lightning and hail, with fierce wind and rain. It was bitterly cold and altogether uncomfortable for some distance. We stopped at the Hospice on top to get warm and dry, and give the horses a lunch of black bread, the regular lunch for Swiss horses, and then came the rest of the way very comfortably, having passed the worst of the storm, but were not sorry to arrive at this hotel, where we find pleasant rooms, and more than all, a German family, who have lived in Minneapolis, and who received us with open arms, as Americans, and who are ready to assist us in any difficulty. In this part of the mountains we find only Swiss and German, the "English speaking portion" is unknown, and I cannot but think how stupid it is for Americans to speak only English. We make a great mistake not to learn other languages besides our own. We have been fortunate in generally meeting people who could assist us, but after all, how much more we could learn of a country and of its people, if we but know its language.

It is now six weeks since we came into the mountains and while every day has been full of beauty and enjoyment, we shall not be sorry to exchange for more modern ways of travelling, and it will be a comfort after all, to be near a railway, and a post office, not over three days from London! B.

Them Spoons!

The following is from a speech by General Butler, delivered at Indianapolis, October 3d, 1876:

Mr. Hendricks degrades the position he seeks and the one he has held, so much as to say to the people of North Vernon: "General Butler is coming over here, and you must look out for your spoons." Now, that is slander. My enemies, thank God, can find nothing else to use in the way of argument. My record has been closely examined for the last ten years, and this—this is the culmination.

I have been the personal friend and honored guest of every Democratic President since 1845, nay I was the friend, neighbor and family guest of President Pierce, who appointed Thomas A. Hendricks to a subordinate office to pay for his vote. [Applause.] If Mr. Hendricks wants any more of that I can tell a good deal more about that transaction [Tremendous cheering and cries of "Go on. Give it to him. Tell it all," etc.] I do not come here to bear false witness against my neighbors, or true witness about transactions that should be confidential and ought not to be told. I am not here for that purpose. I only say that Mr. Hendricks makes a large draft on my gentlemanly instincts. [Loud applause and cries of "Go on."]

One word about this, and let's have done with it, and go on to something that may be of some profit to mortal man or woman. Every creature on earth judges according to the standard which he has, which is his own capability, his own sense of propriety, or his own powers. The fly that lights on the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral looks around him to the distance of eighty feet, the extent of his vision, and thinks it a fair, sightly piece of work. The pig that feeds out of the trough thinks it a very excellent piece of architecture. That is the best he can do with his instincts; that is as much as he can understand. He does not understand the mansion at the back of whose barn the trough is at all. Every man, therefore judges every other man by himself, and whoever believes that I, a Major General of the United States, with life and death at my finger's ends, exercising that unlimited and despotic power given me by the war, went around picking up spoons, *knows that he would have done it had he been in my place.* [Tremendous applause.] This is *his* conception of the office of Major General. This is *his* idea of what a man should do, and what *he* would do if he had the courage to go where he could do it, as I have been. [Applause.]

But Mr. Hendricks said in his speech made against the enfranchisement of the black men that he never volunteered himself nor encouraged anybody else to volunteer, and therefore he can be excused. But what must be the depth of a man's heart who can belittle and bemean himself so far as to utter this sort of thing? If some drunken whiskey-soak, some loafing rascal, should say it, I could pardon him, for he probably does the best he knows how; but here is a man who lived a while with gentleman, a man who has been in the Senate of the United States, and a man who, since my administration in New Orleans, has taken my hand in friendship, the hand he knows to be the hand of greed, or else he lies. [Cries of "he does lie, of course he does." Cheers.]

I have done with this once and forever, but I want to lay one, two or three facts before you for the use of your *Sentinels* and your Hendricks. They say I took $3,500,000 from the people of New Orleans. There are my accounts at the War Department; they have been examined by every rebel and every rebel sympathizer from that day to this, and no hole has been found in the amount. [Great cheering.] Go through and look, and when you have looked tell the other part of the story. Don't put down a part and leave out the rest, lest God treat you as He did Ananias and Sapphira. I fed 33,000 starving women and children, most of them wives of rebels in the army. From the 6th day of June to the 6th day of September, 1862, I employed 1,000 men in cleaning up the streets, in cleaning the canals, and making it healthy for the widows, children and wives of the Confederate soldiers. I gave them 400 feet square of land at the Custon House that has since sold for $2,500 a foot, amounting to quite $1,000,000. I maintained the hospital of the Sisters of Charity at an expense of $2,000 and another Catholic hospital at an expense of $5,000 a month. I made their children go to school and furnished the teachers. [Cheers.] I policed their city, kept it in order, so that from the 6th day of June afterward, a child or a woman could walk through the city of New Orleans with more safety than they could go up stairs into the *Sentinel* office. [Laughter and cheers.]

I thought it was not exactly right to tax the loyal people of the North, who already had so much to bear, to pay for all this, and so I made the rich men and the property of New Orleans pay for it. [Cries of "Right, right," and cheers.] This is a sort of history of the country that is notorious, and has been printed, and published for years, and men who can read and understand ought to know it. You can go to the Treasury Department at Washington and find that I sent home from New Orleans, in good, hard, sound dollars, about $500,000 to the Treasury of the United States. Well, now, with that power of administration for good or evil, suppose Thomas A. Hendricks had been there doing it when I was, how much time would he have had left to look after spoons! [Laughter and cheers.]

Well, now, I have done with this forever. For the first time in my life have I alluded to it except last night in North Vernon. I hung the man who tore down the American flag on the spot where he desecrated the emblem of his country's power (applause), and last night I pilloried the blackguard who struck my character on the spot where he committed the crime. (Loud cheers).

She was a remarkably sensible young lady who made the request of her friends that after her decease she should not be buried by the side of a brook, where babbling lovers would wake from her dreams; nor in any grand cemetery, where sightseers, conning over epitaphs, might disturb her; but be laid away to her last sleep under the counter of some merchant who did not advertise in the newspapers. There, she said, was to be found a depth of quiet slumber on which neither the sound of the buoyant foot of youth nor the weary shuffle of old age would ever intrude.

If it were as polite to ask an amateur singer not to sing any more, as it is to ask him to sing in the first place, there would be less weariness of the spirit in the world, and fewer persons would go into private parlors carrying concealed weapons.

An English florist recently exhibited some very large crysanthemums, and almost succeeded in obtaining first prize for them, but at the last moment it was discovered that they were made by pinning one flower into the centre of another.

An English paper seems surprised that Queen Victoria should postpone her sixty-fifth birthday from May 24 to June 28. Bless you, that's nothing. We've known girls in this country to defer their twentieth birthday until they were thirty-five.

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